

THE BRAVEST BATTLE THAT EVER WAS FOUGHT.

The bravest battle that ever was fought! Shall I tell you where and when? On the maps of the world you will find it not; 'Twas fought by the mothers of men.

Nay, not with cannon, or battle-shot, With sword, or nobler pen; Nay, not with eloquent word; or thought, From mouths of wonderful men.

But deep in a walled-up woman's heart— Of woman that would not yield, But bravely, silently bore her part— Lo! there is that battle-field!

No marching troop, no bivouac song: No banners to gleam and wave! But, oh! these battles they last so long— From babyhood to the grave!

Yet faithful still as a bridge of stars, She fights in her walled-up town— Fights on, and on, in the endless wars, Then silent, unseen—goes down!

O ye with banners and battle-shot, And soldiers to shout and praise, I tell you the kingliest victories fought Are fought in these silent ways!

Oh! spotless women in a world of shame, With splendid and silent scorn, Go back to God, as white as you came, The kingliest warrior born!

—Joanin Miller.

Household.

TONGUE.

Tongue is very convenient for luncheon or tea, but inexperienced housekeepers are apt to use too little salt when cooking fresh tongues. Owing to the thick, tough skin salt does not penetrate readily, so a large coffee cupful is not too much. Cover with water, add the salt and boil until easily punctured with a fork, remembering to keep the meat well covered. Smoked tongue should be soaked over night and boiled in fresh water, omitting, of course, the salt.

CREAM POTATOES.

To cream potatoes, chop some cold, boiled potatoes. Put two or more table-spoonfuls of butter into a frying-pan; when hot, rub into it smoothly a spoonful of flour, but do not brown. Add a cupful of rich milk, and when it boils a tablespoonful of chopped parsley, pepper and salt, then the potatoes. Boil up well and serve. I have used, instead of butter pork, or bacon grease, and sometimes for variety, a little chopped onion.

CORN BREAD.

For corn bread, dissolve a teaspoonful of soda in a pint of sour or buttermilk; add two beaten eggs, one tablespoonful of salt, one table-spoonful of melted lard, and, if you like, a table-spoonful of sugar. Thicken with corn meal, making a dough that will drop easily from the spoon. Stir vigorously for a few minutes, pour in a greased, shallow pan and bake in a quick oven. A cheap and good corn bread, without eggs, can be made by rubbing half a cup of chopped beef suet into a quart of corn meal; add a teaspoonful of salt and moisten with a pint of sour milk into which a teaspoonful of soda has been dissolved. Bake.

ONE-EGG CAKE.

Here is a receipt for one-egg cake: One cup of sugar, two table-spoonfuls of butter or sweet lard and butter mixed, one cup of milk, two cups of flour and two table-spoonfuls of baking powder. This is a good, plain cake for tea and makes a nice desert served in slices with a sauce made of one cup of water, one cup of sugar, a table-spoonful of butter, a table-spoonful of vinegar, a table-spoonful of flour moistened in water, and a little lemon juice or essence. Boil until the flour is well cooked.

DON'T THROW AWAY YOUR OLD BREAD.

Very few housekeepers are aware of the fact, which is, however, true, that pieces of old bread, crumbs and crust—provided they are not mouldy—on being soaked and mixed up with dough, when making bread, improve it very much. Try it, and you will be satisfied.

CUSTARD BREAD PUDDING.

To three well-beaten eggs add one quart milk; sweeten and flavor to taste, (lemon is the most generally used flavor), and pour in a tin pudding-pan. Then take baker's rolls, or bread (sweet rolls are the best), spread with butter and lay in the pan. Bake until the custard forms. Serve cold.

COCONUT CUSTARD PIE. Grate one cocconut; add three eggs and one and one-half cup of sugar; beat well, add the milk of the nut, one cup of sweet milk and a piece of butter the size of a walnut. This is sufficient for three pies.—J. W. S., Owensboro, Ky.

TO CLEAN SILVER.

Table silver should be cleaned at least once or twice a week, and can easily be kept in good order and polished brightly in this way: Have your dish-pan half full of boiling water; place the silver in, so that it may become warm; then with a soft cloth dipped into the hot water, soaped and sprinkled with powdered borax, scour the silver well; then rinse in clean hot water; dry with a clean, dry cloth.

MUFFINS.

Three pounds of flour, one quarter pound of yeast powder, three eggs, half a pound of sugar, three ounces of butter. Mix the powder dry in with the flour; in another pan rub the sugar and butter well together, then add the eggs and beat to a thin batter; then add the flour and wet with milk; beat thoroughly; fill the rings and bake in a quick oven. These muffins are good cold as well as hot.

OTHO.

Otho was in a bad situation. True, Otho was but a dog—a shaggy, milk-white Esquimaux dog, his sharp eyes nearly hidden in curly hair, and his little tail so curled and so covered with long hair as to be almost out of sight. Born far away in the North, amidst the fogs and ice of Labrador, he had first voyaged southward in a "sealer," then travelled westward as far as Kansas in the character of a "wonderful performing dog." He would bound over chairs and run up ladders with remarkable rapidity; and as a "speaker," his voice at once commanded admiring attention. But grief, in the shape of a carelessly-placed show-chest, had fallen heavily upon Otho, and broken one of his legs. Then his showman master, thinking that the care and cost of nursing him would not be repaid by any future service of the dog as a public performer, had quietly opened a back window and dropped Otho out into the cold world, to get a living on three legs or to die, according to his luck or his pluck. And so thus it happened that the white, curly and ill-used Otho found himself a limper, and probably a cripple for life, in a back lane of Ottawa, Kan. It was a black day in Otho's hitherto rather jolly life. Toward evening he dragged his painful limb down the lane and out to a corner of the main street.

"Oh, papa! papa! Oh! yee 'at pitty 'itty white doggy! Poo! itty fellow, he tan't go. 'Top, papa, 'top an' et me poor him!"

It was Minnie—little three-year-old Minnie Wistarside, sitting beside her father on the seat of their wagon; Mr. John Wistarside, a great, plain, kind-hearted young farmer, and Minnie his little daughter and pet. They had driven into town from their farm that afternoon. Papa John stopped the wagon to please Minnie, and then his own kind heart gave a throb at sight of poor Otho's condition.

"Oh, let's we tarry him home," pleaded Minnie; and John, after some little hesitation, put Otho in the wagon at Minnie's feet and drove homeward. Wife Mary's natural resentment at being compelled to receive an invalid dog into her household was in part disarmed by Otho's white, curly wealth of hair, and by Minnie's pitting fondness for him. So Otho was nursed and cared for. His leg was set and "splintered up" by John, and in a month he was frisking on it, and had become the joy, the delight and the romping companion of fast-growing, golden-curl little Minnie. But he was no longer Otho. Of course he could not tell his name, however badly he may have missed it; and Minnie took the grave responsibility of giving him another. To her Pinky and Pink were the prettiest names she could think of. So Otho became "Pinky," and after a day or two he liked the new name as well as the old one. Like Minnie, he neither knew nor cared a straw for ancient history.

But, tho' contented with the quiet life he now led at the prairie farm, Pink never forgot his circus accomplishments. He would often mount the pony, and, turning a somersault

in the air, alight on his feet upon the animal's back with perfect ease. Sometimes, too, he accompanied John to town. There if he saw a ladder leading to the top of some high building, he would ascend it, and seating himself upon the top-most rung, would wave his forward paws in apparent expectation of the applause that once greeted his performances. He was extremely fond of sweetmeats, and while other dogs seem generally to prefer meat, Pink would perform almost any trick he had ever been taught for a slice of cake or a bit of candy. Two years passed. They were prosperous years with John and Mary Wistarside, who had built and moved into a new frame house, situated on a road near half a mile from the old "dug-out" in the creek bank, where they had made their first humble homestead on their large and now profitable farm. The old earth house had been abandoned, though not filled up. For a year or more not even John himself had been to it, and Minnie had almost forgotten it. On the day of my story John was at work at the farther side of his farm. On coming home to dinner, he remarked to Mary that the air seemed very "muggy," and that if it were not so late in the season, he should fear a cyclone. An hour later he went back to his labor. Minnie and Pink went out together, too; and Mary, as usual, became busied with her household cares.

An hour later, the industrious housewife, having finished her work, was dressing for a pleasant evening hour with John, Minnie and Pink, enlivened, possibly, by a call from their neighbors, or by a ride around the broad, green farm, when she noticed that the room had grown suddenly dark. The air, too, had all at once become strangely heavy and close. What John had said at noon came into her mind. She ran to the door; and there a singular, and even to those who are accustomed to the tempest-phenomena of the West, an appalling spectacle met her eye. A lurid gloom was in the sky. At the same time a frightful roar burst upon her ears; and up in the northwest she saw what nearly froze her heart with terror and anxiety. A vast, balloon-shaped pillar of what at one moment looked like black vapor and the next instant seemed like illuminated dust, glittering against the dark sky behind it, was rushing down across the country—coming directly towards the farm and the house in which Mary stood. The ragged edges of cloud about it sparkled as if with flame. Onward it came, a messenger of death and destruction, with steadily increasing roar. At the base of it, where this stormy apparition touched the earth, a fiery, lambent "foot" seemed to play to and fro; and wherever this ghastly foot touched, houses, trees, straw-ricks, barns, everything disappeared on the instant. As it drew nearer in its destructive course, Mary saw that all around it and high in the sky about it, the air was filled with branches of trees, boards and fragments of whatever had been in its path.

For an instant she gazed, fascinated by her fear and the awful grandeur of the sight. Then, recalling John's frequent instructions what to do in such emergencies, she ran into the cellar. Scarcely had her foot left the last stair, when with a roar and a deafening crash, the house above her was lifted, whirled around and swept away. Timbers, bricks and under-pinning-stones fell into the cellar, and a torrent of rain, mingled with hail, dirt, straw and leaves, half buried poor Mary where she crouched and elung in a corner. But the cyclone passed as quickly as it had come. In three minutes it was over; and then Mary Wistarside, in an agony of terror, for her loved ones, not for herself, for she was safe and unhurt, crying aloud to God to protect them, hurriedly climbed up the broken stairs and set off in search of John and Minnie.

What a spectacle was that which met her eye when she looked over the prairie! The house gone, and every out-building, even the fences and garden trees demolished and swept away. Of the eight cows in an adjoining pasture, only one remained, and that one lay maimed and groaning with pain. It seemed to the poor woman that every living creature save herself had been killed, and that she alone was left on earth. Hardly knowing which way to look, she started towards where John had been at work, hoping that Minnie was with him, and that the storm

had been less severe on that part of the farm. She had gone about half a mile, when she saw her husband coming towards her; but he was alone. When Mary told him that Minnie had gone out after dinner and had not returned, a shiver passed through his frame. For a moment Mary thought that he would faint; but he regained his strength and then, nearly wild with grief, they both began searching for their lost child. Their nearest neighbors lived nearly a mile away. To them they hastened for aid; but found these people even more afflicted than themselves; two of the family had been killed by the tornado.

Till ten o'clock or later in the evening, they searched, but in vain; they found only the rubbish scattered in the track of the cyclone, and the dead bodies of cattle. At last, worn out with fatigue and suffering, Mary could go on no longer; and they bent their steps to their old "dug-out" house in the creek-bank—the only place remaining to them where they could find shelter. The riddle door stood ajar, and as John mechanically pushed it open and looked into the gloom within, a sound sweeter to him and to Mary than celestial music—Pink's gruff little bark—came to their ears.

And then, as their hearts bounded with a new hope, they saw the white, shaggy little Esquimaux dog stalking suspiciously forward in the darkness, and heard a half-alarm voice asking, doubtfully, "Is that you, mamma?" It was Minnie! and need one try to describe the happiness of John and Mary Wistarside? What to them now were houses and cattle lost! Here was Minnie, for whom their hearts were breaking, safe and sound in the old "dug-out!"

And Pink! What had Pink to do with it, does the reader ask? A great deal, as nearly as Minnie could explain. The two had wandered away to the creek, when, seeing the sky so black and hearing such a dreadful roaring, Minnie was frightened and started to run for home. But Pink caught her dress in his mouth and fairly pulled her along to the door of the old "dug-out," into which, as the awful roaring grew louder, they both ran to escape the cyclone. So our story goes on to prove, what some know already, that a kind act, even a trifling one like John Wistarside's to poor Pink, is rarely lost in the world, but often returns a hundred fold more than is given.—Youth's Companion.

TAXATION SOUTH AND NORTH

The census demonstrates some most interesting facts. The figures have been grouped very instructively and some very valuable lessons may be drawn from them. The statistics of per capita tax in the different States are a matter of economic value in more respects than one. They are especially important in showing that the South is a desirable section to locate in, to secure freedom from the burdens of government in their heavier phases, and when this privilege is associated, as in the case of the South, with better climate, superior natural resources, freedom from bleak winters and killing cold, and all the advantages of our sunny region, the inducements to give the South the preference as a place to immigrate to, is irresistible. Let us take the per capita tax in the five New England States:

Table with 2 columns: States, per capita tax. Maine, 7.99; New Hampshire, 7.77; Vermont, 5.25; Massachusetts, 13.64; Rhode Island, 9.74; Connecticut, 8.62.

We will now take the six Southern States of the Atlantic coast:

Table with 2 columns: States, per capita tax. Virginia, 3.07; North Carolina, 1.37; South Carolina, 1.85; Georgia, 2.08; Florida, 2.25; Alabama, 1.63.

—Manufacturers' Record.

—There are 125 icehouses on the Hudson River, which, if ranged along in one line, end to end, would reach seven miles. The amount of ice stored this season is 2,003,000 tons. The ice in a house sinks seven or eight feet by the first of September. One-third of the amount harvested wastes before it reaches the scales in New York city. It costs about twenty cents a ton to tow the ice to New York.

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RICHMOND & DANVILLE RAIL ROAD.

N. C. DIVISION. CONDENSED SCHEDULE.

Table with 3 columns: Date, June 28, 1885; No. 51 Daily; No. 53 Daily. Lists train times for Charlotte, Salisbury, High Point, Greensboro, Hillsboro, Durham, Raleigh, and Goldsboro.

TRAIN No. 15.—Daily. Leaves Greensboro 10:00 p. m., Arrives Raleigh 6:30 a. m., Leaves Raleigh 7:40 a. m., Arrives Goldsboro 11:30 a. m.

TRAIN No. 16.—Daily. Leaves Goldsboro 6:15 p. m., Arrives Raleigh 8:23 p. m., Arrives Greensboro 10:00 a. m.

TRAINS GOING SOUTH.

Table with 3 columns: Date, June 28, 1884; No 50 d'y; No 52 d'y. Lists train times for Goldsboro, Raleigh, Durham, Hillsboro, Greensboro, High Point, Salisbury, and Charlotte.

Nos. 51 and 52 connects at Salisbury for all points on the Western North Carolina R. R.

SALEM BRANCH OR NORTH-WESTERN NORTH CAROLINA RAIL ROAD.

Table with 3 columns: No. 9, Leaves Salem, 6:50 am; Arrives Kernersville, 7:19 am; Greensboro, 8:10 am; No. 10, Leaves Greensboro, 10:00 am; Arrives Kernersville, 11:05 am; Arrives Salem, 11:40 am; No. 11, Leaves Salem, 6:57 pm; Kernersville, 7:30 pm; Arrives Greensboro, 8:35 pm; No. 12, Leaves Greensboro, 11:35 pm; Kernersville, 12:30 am; Arrives Salem, 1:17 am.

No. 9 connects at Greensboro with Nos. 51 and 52. No. 11 connects with Nos. 50 and 53.

State University Railroad.

Table with 3 columns: Going North, No. 1 Daily, ex. Sun. 10:25 a. m., 5:01 p. m.; Arrive University 11:25 a. m., 6:01 p. m.; Going South, No. 4 Daily, ex. Sun. 6:31 p. m., 11:54 a. m.; Arrive Chapel Hill 7:31 p. m., 2:34 p. m.

Buffet Sleeping Cars Without Change.

On train 51 add 51, between New York and Atlanta, and between Raleigh and Asheville. Through Pullman sleepers on trains 52 and 53, between Washington and Augusta, and Danville and Richmond and Washington and New Orleans. Through tickets on sale at Greensboro, Raleigh, Goldsboro, Salisbury and Charlotte, for all points south, southwest, west, north and east. For emigrant rates to Louisiana, Texas, Arkansas and the southwest, address M. SLAUGHTER, General Passenger Agent, Richmond, Va.

Cape Fear & Yadkin Valley Railway Co.

Condensed Time Table No. 13.

Table with 3 columns: TRAIN NORTH, Arrive, Leave. Lists train times for Bennettsville, Shoe Heel, Fayetteville, Sanford, Ore Hill, Liberty, and Greensboro. Also includes Dinner at Fayetteville and TRAIN SOUTH section.

Freight and Passenger Train leaves Bennettsville Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30 p. m., arriving at Shoe Heel at 4:30 p. m., and at Fayetteville at 8 p. m. Leaves Fayetteville on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays at 4:30 a. m., Shoe Heel at 10 a. m., and arrives at Bennettsville at 12 m. Freight and Passenger Train North leaves Fayetteville daily at 8 a. m., connecting at Raleigh with Freight and Passenger Trains to Raleigh, leaving Sanford at 4:30 a. m., and arriving at Greensboro at 5:40 p. m. Leaves Greensboro daily at 5 a. m., leaves Sanford at 11:15 a. m., and arrives at Fayetteville at 2:40 p. m. JOHN M. ROSE, General Passenger Agent. W. M. S. DUNN, Gen. Superintendent.